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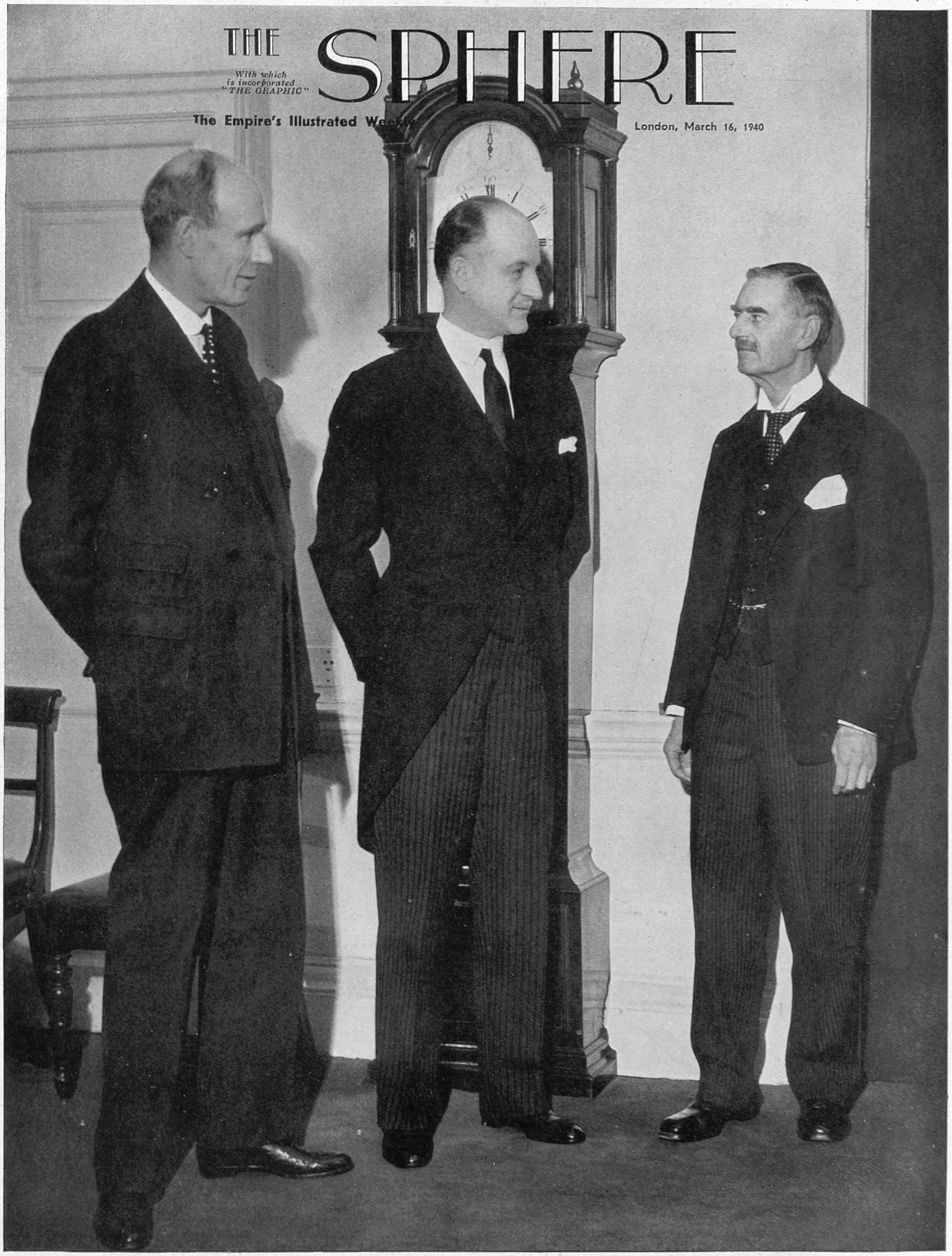
London, March 16, 1940



MR. SUMNER WELLES AT No. 10, DOWNING STREET

President Roosevelt's Special Envoy With the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary

The opening of the week was a busy time for Mr. Sumner Welles, President Roosevelt's Special Envoy to Europe. After visits to Rome, Berlin, and Paris, he reached London, to round off his impressions of Europe at War. After lunch with the American Ambassador, Mr. Welles had an audience with the King at Buckingham Palace. He then went on to No. 10, Downing Street, where this picture was taken at six o'clock on Monday evening. Here Mr. Welles, who was accompanied by Mr. Kennedy, U.S. Ambassador, was received by the Prime Minister, with Lord Halifax, Foreign Secretary, in attendance. (*Further pictures of Mr. Sumner Welles's tour are given on pages 328–9 of this issue*)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

BUDGET DAY FOR THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

At the meeting of London's own Parliament last week, on the Annual Budget Day Mr. Charles Latham (Chancellor of the L.C.C.'s Exchequer) announced a reduction of 3d. in the pound in rates—welcome news for Londoners! This picture was taken in the Council Chamber in the new County Hall during the "Budget Speech": Mr. Latham is standing on the left (in front of the lower table); Alderman A. Emil Davies, new Chairman of the L.C.C., is presiding over the Council at the top table, with Mr. H. Berry, Vice-Chairman, on his right. Note the soldier in battle-dress in the top left-hand corner

32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, March 13, 1940

ACCORDING TO PLAN.—

If only the Nazis believed in the word of Britain, what a scoop they might have made. On June 20, 1939, we told the world that the *Queen Elizabeth*, the 85,000-ton sister of the *Queen Mary*, would be moved from John Brown's yard on the Clyde and take to the sea on February 26, 1940. Much has happened since that announcement. Many changes, but no change in our command of the seas. On February 26 the *Queen Elizabeth* kept to schedule, fouled the river bank at the "canal turning" (according to schedule) and made her way to New York on an indefinite visit to her sister. Instead of half a million, she had to be content with a crowd of 200 sightseers and she wore grey instead of colours. But she was expensively dressed with jewels valued at about £5,000,000. Personally, I am glad to see the last of her—for the duration, and I daresay Glasgow is glad, too. I doubt not, Her Majesty the Queen and godmother of the great ship was delighted also that her fine initiative in giving the big liner an auspicious send-off at a critical moment has proved so effective.

BROADCASTS FROM HEROES.—

We need no reminder that the heroic spirit of Britain over the centuries is still alive to-day. The heroes of this hour of national danger are the successors and heirs of every generation in the past which threw up brave and selfless men in every era of trouble and war. But up to now they have never come to the microphone and suffered themselves to be exhibited. There was no microphone until now. I suppose the new fashion is in tune with our modern idea of true democracy. The people's war and all that. . . . But I am taken by surprise and find it hard to adjust my opinion. It doesn't ring quite right. I even remember that there were dissentients among the guests to that famous, dignified and very successful garden party given by King George V and Queen Mary at the Palace soon after the war. It is or was in the nature of a hero to be "mum" about his deed and to keep on the shady side of the street. And somehow an heroic action is better appreciated when imagined than when told. Unless perhaps the B.B.C. compere in this first instance was also taken by surprise. His interview with three civilian heroes gave me a sense of bathos and a feeling of regret. I thought it a little cheap, a little vulgar. It's not as if we, as a nation, want reminding or lack gratitude and admiration for such splendid men.

THE COMPLACENT.—

I wish I could meet with that section of the nation whose easy complacency about this war, whose certainty that they will have a primrose path to victory and peace so worries the Ministers and has become the trite theme of their redundant speeches. There are none here where I live. I meet none in London, none in the train. Yet there are thousands of them about, pace Sir John Simon and his brother Ministers. Here, where I live, we are grim to a man (and woman) and, indeed, rather proud of such cheerfulness as we can muster. We don't regard a rare smile as a crime nor an occasional word of hope as a vice. We conceal our anxieties, which are very real; we do not underrate the beastly times ahead; on the contrary. We know that, come what may, we are to be bled white and we have written off our present homes and manner of life. As for danger, physical dangers and risks, we expect them and see no good reason, in the length and breadth of human maxims, to be forever talking or thinking about them. Sufficient unto the day . . . So I despise these Ministers for always harping on our complacency while flattering us for our willing sacrifices. They leave the impression of themselves being more muddle-headed and nervy than we are. But whom do they suspect of this easy complacency? Some club gossips? Some of those girls in uniform who are obviously having the time of their lives as organisers in office? Some women in "Society" who wear pearl necklaces over their smart military habits and pose for press photographers? Some of the little Hitlers who are bungling the distribution of meat and ruining local butchers? Some of the confreres of Ministers themselves? Some sections of the press? These complacents, whoever they may be, avoid me like the plague.

HEART-CRY OR QUESTIONNAIRE?—

A Surrey correspondent writes me this letter: "I wonder if, in your notes in THE SPHERE, you could find time to give a word of advice to some of us who are troubled as to how they are to buy Savings Certificates or Defence Bonds. I am one of several, all of whom are very hard hit by taxation, who have economised as far as possible in every direction—given up smoking and alcohol, put down their car—or the larger of two—reduced their staff, given up their club, and other smaller savings. It seems to me, and to those for whom I write, that the only way left is to abandon all subscriptions to charities, using the word in its widest sense, so as to have something for direct war subscriptions. None of us can see any other way. What do you advise? What can I advise? The writer is certainly not one of the Chancellor's "complacents"—by the tone of his heart-cry. Yet surely he is one of those whom Sir John was obliquely addressing, warning him of still heavier sacrifices to come. Sir John, at least, would have seen a loophole in his letter. The writer has "put down his car—or the larger of two." There's the loophole—let him turn the other cheek to Sir John's blows. He still has a small car to sell and the proceeds will be available for heavier taxation and the balance of it (if any) for War Savings Certificates. Cold comfort, I fear, for a man not guilty of undue complacency. But the nation is not blind to the sacrificial implications of this war.

THE GERMAN MENTALITY.

—One day no doubt—not, we hope, too far distant—German professors will coolly examine the years of the Nazi regime to assess and perhaps find reason for the extraordinary low level of German mentality in that phase. For generations the Germans have been remarkable for lack of tact, for blundering diplomacy, for that rudeness and roughness of manner always most apparent in people who have a social deficiency complex—as we say, the *nouveaux riches*. To the French and British their sense of humour has always been unintelligible and not indeed accepted as any form higher than that exhibited on the walls of public lavatories. But until recent years their average of intelligence has been high enough (among their learned, distinctly so). The average German knew what was what and was neither intellectually primitive nor boorish (if too often his manners and expression were so). He was careful and able not to make a common exhibition of himself in matters generally common knowledge. But now? The whole machine run by Goebbels gives evidence of a national mentality dangerously low. If to pretend to such Caliban ignorance *paid*, it would be understandable, for Goebbels himself is very intelligent. But it clearly doesn't pay, it creates difficulty in the smooth working of the machine of lie-making. Thus the skits and plays about Churchill, the references to English history, the citations from quite recent and notorious events, are not distortions of fact deliberately made but quite clearly examples of sheer ignorance. Yet Goebbels has the call on the best available brains, and the obvious conclusion is that to-day in Germany there are available among young and middle-aged "dependable" Nazis none whose mentality is higher than a ploughboy's, so far as concerns historical and current events and surface facts concerning world-known personalities. Is it possible that ten years of drilling and brow-beating and propaganda can dissipate the grey-matter from within so many thousands of hard skulls? Or is the intelligence of the race dormant and inactive for the moment, but capable of renewed activity? In how many years and by what means can you extinguish an intelligent nation's wits and leave them permanently on the level of the clod's? That is the puzzle which Germans themselves will one day examine.

THE VISION OF FINLAND.—

An English lady resident in Helsinki has just written to me. As the Finnish Year Book for 1940, so her letter impresses me with the superb decency and vision of the Finns even now in their present tragedy. She writes: "I had an appeal in the Church of England newspaper for January 12 for Bibles and the New Testament in Russian for the thousands of prisoners here. It occurs to me that THE SPHERE reaches many Russians who never see the Church of England newspaper. Can you spare a few lines in your next Newsletter? Here is an

THE MAN WHO TOOK THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

—AND THE WIFE WHO KEPT THE GREAT SECRET, DESPITE HER ANXIETY

Captain J. C. Townley, who has previously commanded the *Queen Mary*, was in charge of the *Queen Elizabeth* on her maiden voyage to New York. His wife, despite her great anxiety, remained at home at Basingstoke—and kept her great secret faithfully, like all who knew of the giant liner's ultimate destination. (*Pictures of the* Queen Elizabeth *appear on page* 345 *of this issue*)

WSLETTER —No. XXVIII

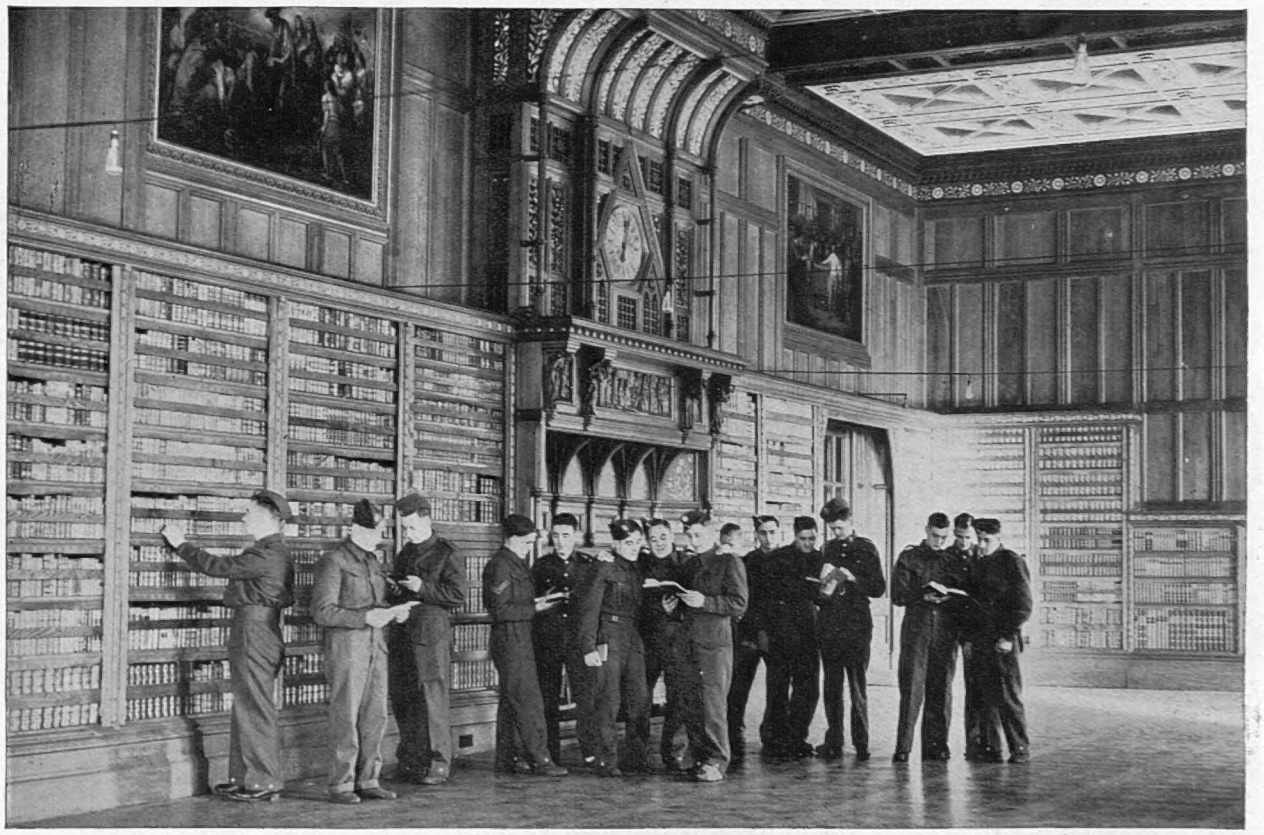
opportunity of feeding the Russians spiritually as well as materially, and when Russia has become Christian, Finland will have permanent peace. Finland is, you see, building for the future. . . . I count it a privilege to be here to do what I can for this plucky little country. We are used to raids. We live in a wooden house just outside the capital and sit in the hall fully dressed when the alarm sounds. . . . I go to the Karelia Hotel for my mails and once a week for a bath. We also want badly back numbers of your Illustrated weeklies for the army. . . ." Here then are two brave appeals—to Russians and to the British—which will not, I hope, fall on deaf ears. My correspondent gives me no special address. Therefore send your parcels of Bibles in Russian and of Illustrated papers to Miss Dawson, Karelia Hotel, Helsinki, Finland.

DOOM OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—Mr. Lees Smith, M.P., in the House, and Sir Cyril Norwood, to R.A.F. men in France, foretold last week with certainty the "doom" of the public school—that is to say, they foresaw as a result of this war the end of the public school as now it exists and runs itself. Mr. Lees Smith stressed the monstrosity of present-day fees, which, after the war, only a tithe of potential parents could pay. He put the figure very moderately—£250 a year in fees for each child. He might have said that in some cases a parent would not get out under £350 a year all in. No one would, I believe, call me a Radical or an iconoclast. I share with Sir Cyril Norwood a profound admiration for what is good in the system. With him I deplore what is bad and outworn. Sir Cyril urges that the State should take over the public schools and reserve in them a regular proportion of free places from the elementary schools. His authority is not to be overlooked. He was himself headmaster of one of the oldest and most expensive. The boys, he adds, should black their own shoes and look after themselves. When the war is over—here's the rub—the Government will be in no position to assume responsibility for some time. That is clear and it makes more clear the present blindness of the public school authorities. Their feet are still in the old world. They are nibbling; toying and trifling with a problem which is going to kill, surely and inexorably, a grand institution. Of course, Sir Cyril and Mr. Lees Smith are right. *Now* is the time. *Now* the boys must be taught to "black their own boots," and all that that implies in economy and democratisation. Eton's first proposals for meeting the coming blizzard reveal how little the problem is realised where first and keenest it should be. The axe must be laid to the tree's root—not nail-scissors to its twigs. Otherwise what? For a few years the new war profiteers will recruit the schools and then . . . *finis*. And *finis* with all the old traditions gone. Parents for two decades have been as pitiable as neutrals in this war. They cannot get together. Fears prevent them doing so. Snobbery has kept public schools going on an outworn basis. I myself believe that some admirable reforms would be: the reduction of the school terms to two, the stiffening up of lessons at the expense of games, communal meals, abolition of all school uniforms (i.e. garments unsuited to home life) and three-quarters of the house and games colours, a whole range of reforms tending to make the boys self-supporting, and above all a great increase in facilities for entry from the elementary schools, whatever the financial problems involved at first. If the public schools don't meet the trouble half way, the trouble is going to push them over the cliff.

LADY HORNER AND MELLS.—I suppose few people of our age have figured more largely in social memoirs than Lady Horner. She and her sister Lady Jekyll, daughters of Mr. William Graham, had in them in largest measure the gifts that make for friendship and the sweets and heights of social intercourse. Above all, a zest for living and an unbounded interest in the human drama, overflowing sympathy, high intelligence, literary and artistic tastes, abounding humour, physical and mental energy, and notable powers of organisation. In all the memoirs of the pre-Raphaelites and of the "Souls," Lady Horner and Mells figure. The old Manor House near Frome was a centre for the "Souls" and for the generations that came after them, and indeed for many more, not directly connected with those circles, who embraced their theories of what made life worth living. And no doubt life at Mells *was* worth living, and Lady Horner shed a beneficent and cultural influence far and wide. The old house has a rare setting, an Elizabethan garden, a beautiful church, with one of the loveliest little equestrian statues in existence, put up to the memory of her only son, and a village that is one of the glories of England. And the house inside is worthy of its setting and of its exterior. It is filled with historical relics and wonderful embroideries in which Lady Horner was an expert. Relics of the Stuarts and of the Jacobites found their way to Mells by devious routes, and in the library there are memorials of scores of famous literary men. It was fitting that to that centre of literature—a Stowe of our own day—should come for a period a literary parson. Canon Hannay—better known as George Birmingham—for several years had the Mells living and perhaps took some of the local colour for his latest novels from the neighbourhood of Mells. May the spirit of the place and of that old house survive this present darkness and uprooting and play its fit part in the reconstruction of civilised life!

A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN A BISHOP'S PALACE AT WELLS IN SOMERSET

As Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Underhill has one of the finest Bishop's Palaces in England to live in. But he now occupies only a few rooms in it: the others have been let to a girls' school evacuated from Bristol. Here in the Bishop's Palace, the girls of St. Brandon's, Bristol, have now settled down in their new and strange surroundings. This picture, taken in the Picture Gallery, shows one of the classes at their daily tasks



ONE OF ENGLAND'S "STATELY HOMES" NOW A CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL

The wonderful residence in Cheshire of the Duke of Westminster, Eaton Hall, has been placed by its ducal owner at the disposal of the War Office. It is now, therefore, being used as a convalescent depot for sick and injured soldiers. This picture of the great Library shows a little of the magnificence of this wonderful residence

OF OFFALS ONCE MORE.—My recent reference to "offals" and their elusive qualities brought me from a Gloucestershire correspondent such a flaming testimonial to my wisdom and *virility* that I spare my own blushes in refraining from repeating it. What hit my correspondent between the eyes, hit me. It was the incongruity of the encouragement offered by the appropriate Ministers to the general public to cook delicious offals as a substitute for meat, in face of the total inability of that general public to buy from its butchers any sort of offals at any price. Are all these delicious offals reserved for Ministers' wives and the elect? Do Ministers have a monopoly of brains and hearts (not to say of livers and kidneys and sweetbreads)? Or, where is the leakage? What section of the community is revelling in delicious offals? And why not that to which my correspondent and I belong? And *bones*? We read: "The Government has fixed the price of bones at 1d. per lb., so not even the poorest need lack nourishing stock for soup." *Bones*, quotha! It is easier to buy ivory, my fatuous columnist.

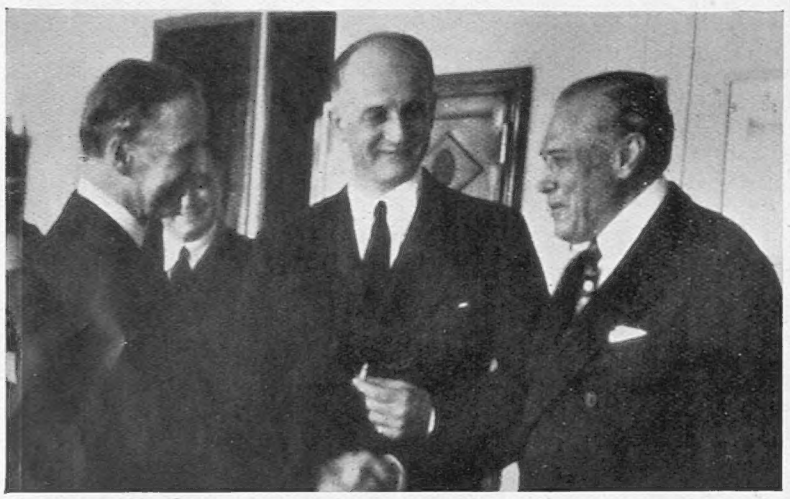
THE OLD STAGER

Mr. SUMNER WELLES

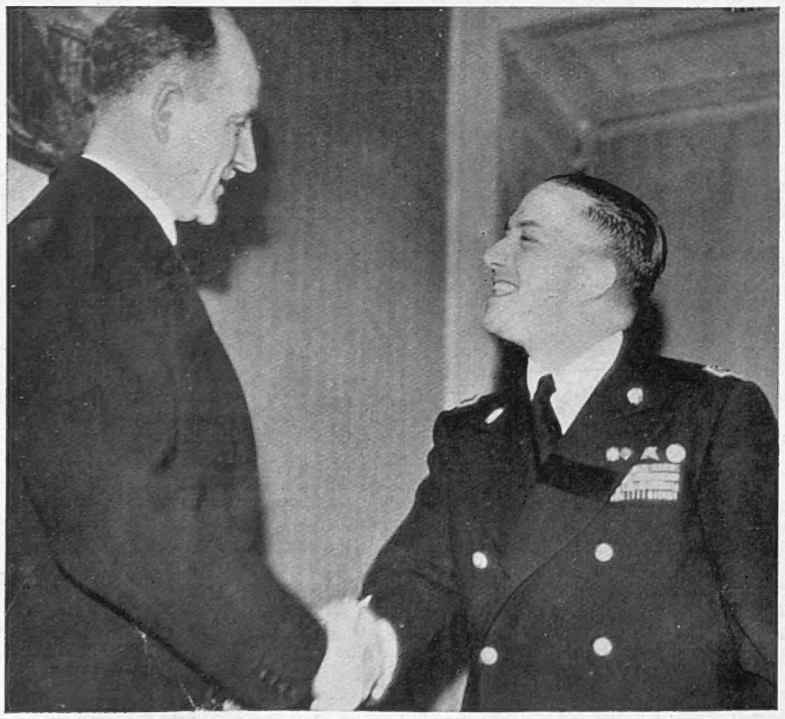
President Roosevelt's Special

ARRIVAL IN ITALY: UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE WELLES ABOARD THE ITALIAN LINER "REX" WITH MR. WILLIAM PHILLIPS (U.S. AMBASSADOR TO ROME), ITALIAN OFFICIALS AND NEWSPAPERMEN JUST BEFORE LANDING AT NAPLES

ARRIVAL IN BERLIN: MR. WELLES IS GREETED BY TWO OFFICIALS FROM THE GERMAN FOREIGN OFFICE



THREE AMERICANS IN NAPLES: MR. WILLIAM PHILLIPS, U.S. AMBASSADOR TO ROME, MR. WELLES, AND MR. MYRON TAYLOR, THE PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE TO THE VATICAN, DISCUSS AFFAIRS TOGETHER

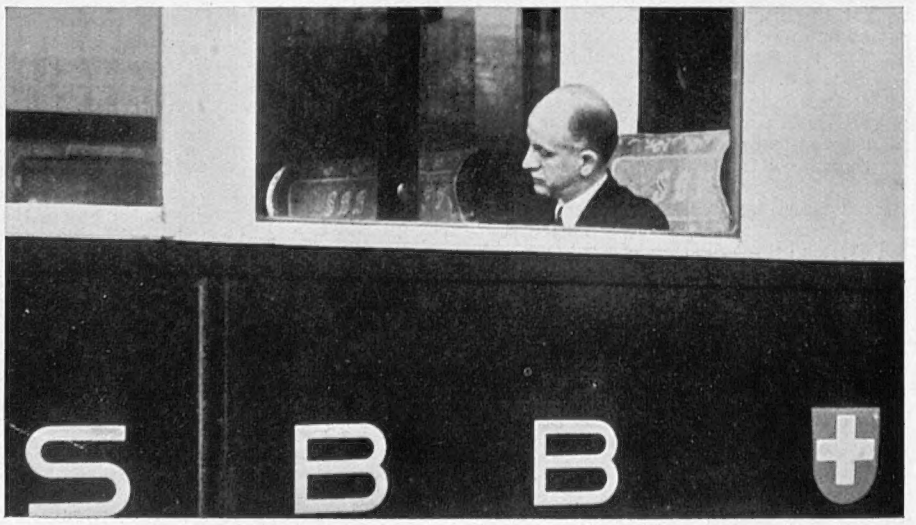


WITH THE ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER: COUNT CIANO SAYS FAREWELL TO MR. WELLES AT THE END OF THEIR LONG DISCUSSIONS IN ROME

ITALY.—Mr. Welles landed at Naples from the Italian crack liner *Rex* on Sunday, February 25. From there he journeyed on to Rome the same day; and on Monday, 26th, he had a long conversation with Count Ciano before being received by Signor Mussolini. His visit to Rome was curtailed, and his audience of the Pope was postponed, because of the return visit which Mr. Welles is to pay after his tour of the other European capitals

WITH THE GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER: HERR VON RIBBENTROP, ALREADY FAMOUS FOR HIS MANY BLUNDERS AND LACK OF PSYCHOLOGICAL UNDERSTANDING, FURTHER DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF BY REFUSING TO TALK IN MR. WELLES' NATIVE TONGUE!

GERMANY.—Breaking his journey at Zurich, Mr. Welles did not reach Berlin till Friday, March 1. Here he was met by two German Foreign Office officials in the midst of a trial air-raid alarm. His conversation with Herr von Ribbentrop lasted for two and a half hours. Mr. Welles then saw Herr Hitler, Field-Marshal Göring, Hess, Dr. Schacht and other German leaders before leaving for Lausanne en route for Paris and London



THE TRAVELLER IN EUROPE: AFTER HIS VISIT TO BERLIN; MR. SUMNER WELLES SNAPPED IN THE TRAIN DURING HIS JOURNEY TO LAUSANNE EN ROUTE FOR PARIS

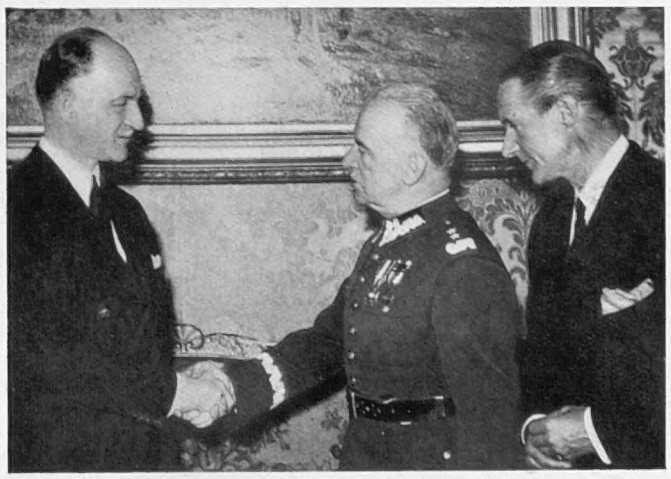
ES' TOUR of EUROPE

Envoy Meets Europe's Leading Statesmen

IN PARIS WITH THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: IN THE ELYSEE GARDENS WITH M. ALBERT LEBRUN, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC

AT THE FRENCH WAR MINISTRY: WITH M. EDOUARD DALADIER, WHO HOLDS THE OFFICES OF PREMIER OF FRANCE, MINISTER OF NATIONAL DEFENCE AND OF WAR, AND FOREIGN SECRETARY

WITH M. EDOUARD HERRIOT: MR. WELLES WAS ESPECIALLY EAGER TO CONFER WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES AND OTHER REPRESENTATIVES OF FRENCH NATIONAL LIFE

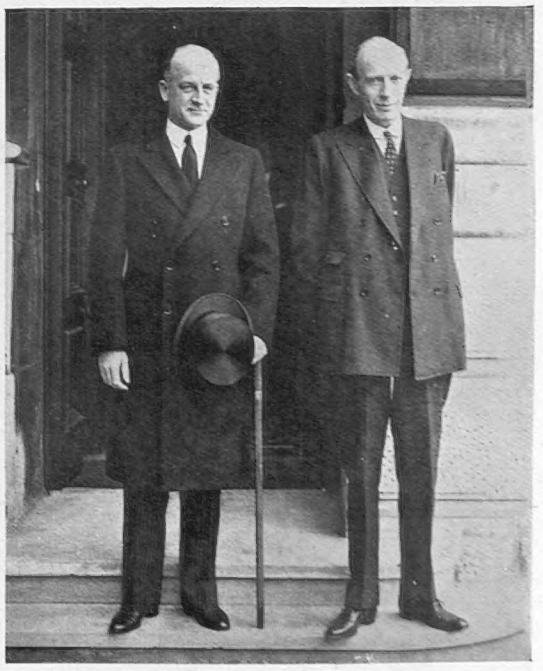


MR. WELLES MEETS THE POLISH PREMIER: DURING HIS STAY IN PARIS, MR. WELLES HAD A LONG TALK WITH GENERAL SIKORSKI

ARRIVAL IN LONDON: MR. SUMNER WELLES ARRIVED BY AIR FROM PARIS: HE WAS GREETED AT HESTON AIRPORT BY SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN, PERMANENT HEAD OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE, AND BY MR. JOSEPH KENNEDY, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR IN LONDON

AT THE U.S. EMBASSY: MR. SUMNER WELLES, IN AN ELOQUENT ATTITUDE, DURING A CONVERSATION WITH THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, MR. KENNEDY, AT HIS DESK AT THE EMBASSY

AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE: MR. WELLES ARRIVES FOR HIS TALK WITH THE FOREIGN SECRETARY



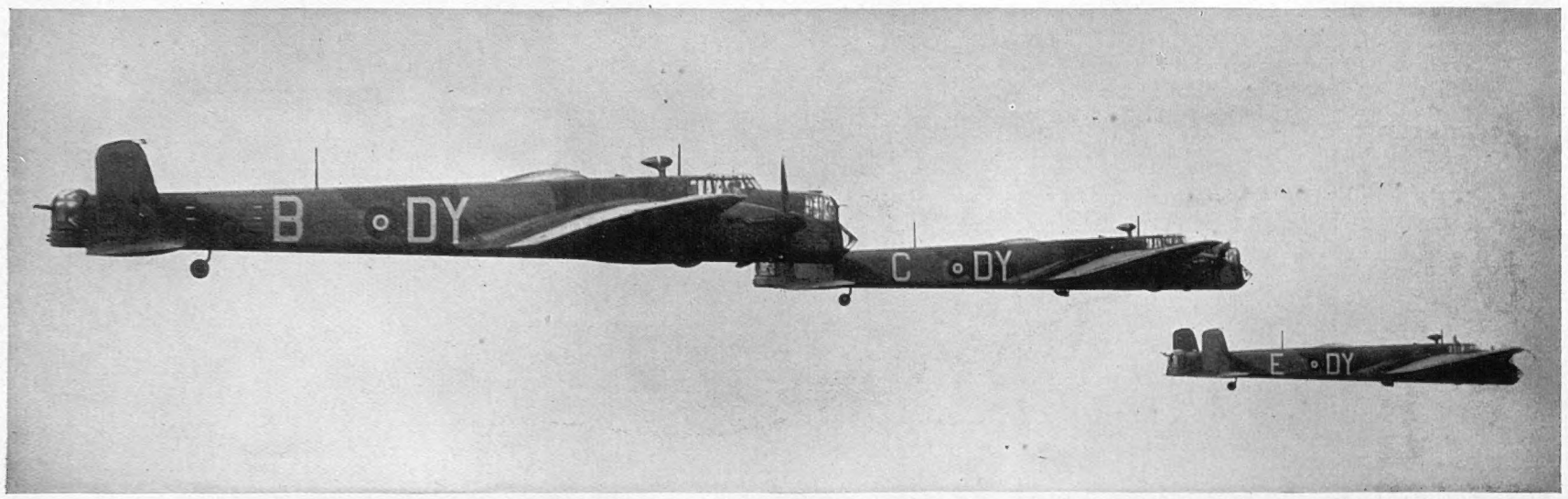
MR. WELLES WITH LORD HALIFAX: ON THE STEPS OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE AFTER THEIR CONFERENCE

FRANCE.—On Thursday, March 7, Mr. Welles reached Paris. Here his programme was a very full one. After an official visit to M. Lebrun, President of the Republic, he spent two hours with M. Daladier; Mr. Welles then conferred with M. Bonnet, M. Raynaud, M. Herriot, and General Sikorski, the Polish Premier

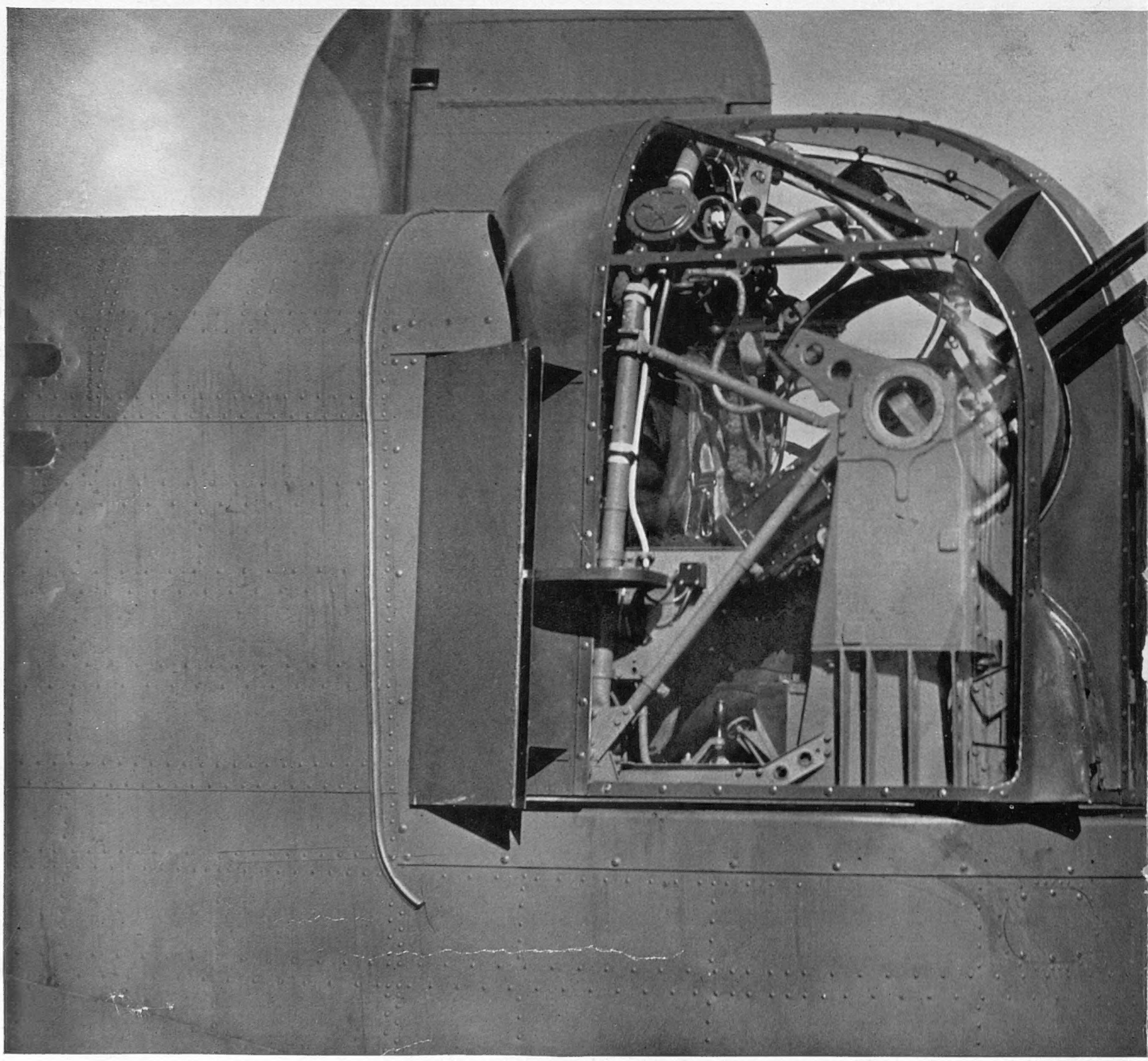
GREAT BRITAIN.—Mr. Welles arrived in London on Sunday last, March 10. He was greeted at Heston Airport by Sir Alexander Cadogan and by Mr. Kennedy. Monday was spent in a series of important engagements—lunch with Mr. Kennedy, a visit to Lord Halifax, audience of the King, an interview with Mr. Chamberlain at No. 10, Downing Street, and dinner with Lord Halifax. On Tuesday a series of conversations took place with the leading figures in British political life

FIRST PICTURES OF THE R.A.F.'s POWER-DRIVEN GUN-TURRETS

With the Help of Which British Airmen are Sweeping the Air Free of German Aircraft



A FLIGHT OF HEAVY WHITLEY BOMBERS, ARMED FORE AND AFT WITH BRITAIN'S WONDERFUL POWER-DRIVEN TURRETS: These are the machines which have been so active recently on reconnaissance over Germany; it is essential, therefore, that they be well armed. And they are—as these pictures show convincingly—and as German airmen have already discovered to their cost! Incidentally, the egg-like excrescence on the top of each aircraft is a radio accessory



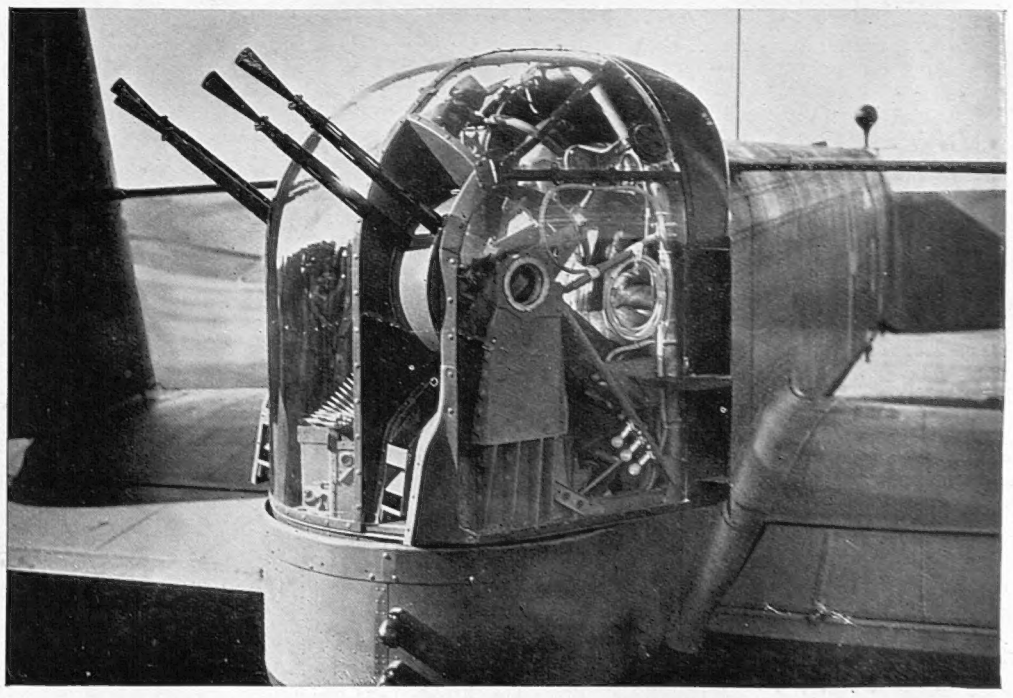
THE TAIL TURRET OF A WHITLEY BOMBER, SHOWING ITS FOUR BROWNING GUNS: THIS PARTICULAR MACHINE HAS ALREADY

We are happy to be able to present the pictures reproduced above. They are the first to be released showing in detail one of Britain's hitherto most closely-guarded secrets—the power-driven gun-turret which has proved so effective in aerial combat, and which has materially helped to give to the R.A.F. its present ascendancy in the air. The enemy has nothing comparable. As stated in a recent issue of "The Sphere," the gun-turret owes its existence mainly to the inventive genius of Captain Archie

A BOMB-AIMER AT HIS SIGHTS IN THE NOSE OF THE MACHINE : In the nose is a forward-facing turret similar to that at the rear, illustrated *above on left*. The second pilot also acts as navigator, front gunner and bomb-aimer. Here he is seen at the sights, with the bomb-release mechanism in his hands

FLOWN OVER GERMANY ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Frazer-Nash. On the Whitley heavy bomber, illustrated above, the turrets each house four Browning guns; these are belt-fed, with a range of from 300 to 400 yards, and with a rate of fire of 100 rounds per second. One can well imagine what a formidable



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE REAR TURRET, SHOWING SOME OF THE VERY ELABORATE MECHANISM

opponent an aeroplane equipped with such turrets fore and aft can prove. These pictures were taken during the course of a visit to a British bomber station, whence aircraft of the R.A.F. carry out reconnaissance over the whole of Germany

THE TECHNIQUE OF RAID OPERATIONS

Careful Planning in Advance Usually Ensures Success—The Different Methods Necessary To-day
(The Strategy of the War—XXV)

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

LAST week I referred to the daily bulletins from the Western Front of "Nothing to report." To-day I can make reference to the recent German raid in which we unfortunately lost some N.C.O.s and men of the D.C.L.I. I can write with some knowledge on the subject of raids, and say at once that the raids of this war bear little relation to those of the last. They are quite a different operation. The first raid of the last war was carried out by a party of the 7th Canadian Regiment under Lieut.-Colonel Odlum. I was then Chief of Staff of the Canadian Corps, and I was asked to go down and give my views on the plans which had been prepared. I did so. They had been thought out in every detail by Lieut.-Colonel Odlum and Major-General Lipsett. The raid was completely successful, and brought back two German prisoners and very valuable identifications, and without loss. I saw the men just before they started and promised them a week's leave if successful. To my horror their leave was refused by the Army authorities but was granted when Lord Plumer heard of my promise. It was very important to gain identifications, but I am quite prepared to say that there were many raids carried out in the last war which were ill-prepared, and in consequence, failures. In my opinion, the outstanding lesson of the last war was that operations, from raids to major actions, if thoroughly prepared, usually succeeded. If not they failed and often with much loss of life.

It must be remembered that the no man's land between the forces was in most places, at any rate in the Ypres salient, only a few hundred yards in width, and in many cases much less. I remember one place on the left of the British line near Boesinghe, when I was G.S.O.I. of the 49th West Riding Division, when our lines were only fifteen yards apart. Raiding parties could only crawl to their front through wire with the hope of pouncing on the enemy unexpectedly, and then blocking both ends of the enemy trench whilst the main party effected captures.

So-called raids to-day are a very different form of operation. The term is not a good one, and is liable to be misunderstood. The no man's land in most places is some miles in depth, with woods and forests and hamlets in between in which both sides have, no doubt, advanced posts, and it is to surround and surprise such posts and parties on patrol that these minor operations are being carried out. These parties require very careful and skilful handling. Our men are up against an enemy well trained in such operations. It is a form of stalking and lying-up in ambush with a view to surprising the enemy. In the recent raid it would appear that the post in question was subjected to heavy artillery fire and was enclosed by a box barrage.

In the last war some people used to decry the desire for obtaining identifications and dubbed raids in general as a waste of life. In many cases, when ill-prepared, they were. On the other hand, it was of vital importance to know what units were opposite to our forces so that reliefs could be traced and knowledge obtained of important movements and location of the German troops. To give an instance. Immediately after one of our Second Army successes either after the battle of Messines or Broodseinde, I was rung up by a senior staff officer at G.H.Q. suggesting that we could now push on and put the cavalry through, etc., and it was with a certain satisfaction that I was able to say, "You know perfectly well from information we have sent you that there are no less than seventeen German divisions in reserve close behind the German line." Our operations had been against what was termed a limited objective, and we had attained that objective. To have attempted to have pushed forward with tired troops or with a very limited reserve would just have been courting disaster.

When I wrote last week I feared very much that Viborg would have fallen before my words appeared in print. But Viborg has not yet fallen into Russian hands although it has been evacuated and almost destroyed. There is no doubt that the situation is extremely critical, and that many Russian reinforcements and of better quality have been brought up. It is true that the Russians have captured a number of islands and points of vantage, threatening the communications of the Finns, but it is to be hoped that the reinforcements of aeroplanes, pilots and volunteers will arrive in time to stem the tide. It is also probable that the Finns will be helped by the weather in a few days.

I had the honour during the past week of meeting Madame Gripenberg, the wife of the Finnish Minister, and of handing over comforts for the Finns which my wife had collected. The atmosphere of 13, Belgrave Square did one good. It was like a tonic to see the piles of things and the grand work of all the helpers in their efforts to get these comforts to the gallant men, women and children of Finland.

As I write, news has just come through that peace has been signed between Russia and Finland. But discussion in Helsinki is still going on, and it looks as if the temper of the Finnish nation is such that these peace terms will not receive ratification.

One is interested in the tour of Mr. Sumner Welles. If one could steal his notebook before he goes back to America, it would indeed be a "best seller." We are only too glad that Mr. Roosevelt should get a first-hand account of the feeling in the various countries concerned in this war. We are fighting to preserve civilisation, and that task can only be accomplished by the destruction of Hitler and Hitlerism, and we intend to achieve that object, and shall not desist until we do.

We know from the German leaders of to-day that their goal is our absolute destruction. They have openly said so. Their trouble is that they have come up against a notice board in French and British colours which says, "Road closed." It is an awkward problem which has only two means of solution. Are they going to crash through with a yawning abyss in front of them which can only lead to destruction, or are they going to find a way round, and if so, where?

IS THE AXIS INVISIBLE FROM THE AIR?

Off the east coast lies this fire-swept hulk of the 5,335-ton Italian ship *Amelia Lauro*, which was bombed by a German plane in the North Sea. The Nazi airmen dropped four bombs, one of them a "bread basket," which is a large bomb containing smaller incendiary bombs, which do their work of destruction after an interval. One of the crew was killed in the bombing and three others were injured. Twenty-nine men were rescued by lifeboat

I always, in writing these articles, like to put myself in Hitler's chair and review the situation from his point of view. One can picture him saying, "I can destroy the British and French armies when I choose. I show the world daily what I can do at sea. I have no fear of the British Navy. I sink fishermen and lightships daily and really command the seas, anyhow my people believe I do. In the air I am supreme. My people know only too well that our Heinkels and Messerschmitts are masters of the air and that England is at our mercy. As for the blockade it is childish. Our ships go just as they please. Their orders are clear. If in doubt scuttle." At the moment there is no doubt that the bulk of the German nation is behind Hitler and believes everything he says, and that the youth of the nation will continue for a very long time in this faith. One day, however, Hitler will wake up to the fact that his boastings and threats no longer carry weight even with his own people.

The successful passage of the *Queen Elizabeth* to New York must have come as a shock to Hitler. Perhaps he was giving vent to his feelings on the subject when he attacked another defenceless lightship the day after. Admiral Somerville in his recent broadcast aptly dealt with the German sea behaviour and want of sea manners. There are some things which can never be changed. "Once a pig, always a pig."

We had some wise words a few nights ago from "Onlooker" in his survey of the last six months. Truly we are all in it now. I feel that we have much to be thankful for. Had the crash come last September and our cities been bombed as we expected, there would rightly have been a feeling that we had been caught unprepared. Now, thanks to Hitler, we can face the task before us in quite a different manner. To me it is just the difference from having to fire a big gun from a muddy and improvised emplacement, with its necessary inaccuracy, to firing it as now from its concrete foundation with its corresponding accuracy.

In the air our planes seem to fly as they like over Germany and Poland, flights of ten hours duration, all good training. Very few German planes have crossed our coastline. No less than forty-five German bombers have been destroyed in doing so. The problem of the magnetic mine seems to have been solved.

In the economic world the response of the country has been quite wonderful and will be even more so. It is appalling to think that something between £6,000,000 and £8,000,000 a day is required, but it will be forthcoming. Has Hitler the same generous support behind him?

Just for a moment let us look back over the last six months. It is not on the sea or under it that Hitler has gained any advantage. It is not in the air that he has much to boast about. On land he has not yet dared to try. Of his foodstuffs and his financial and economic situation we are ignorant, but we do know that he has not many ships on the seas and that a great number of others with cargoes for Germany will never get there. Personally I think the most hopeful sign at the moment is the rubbish being put about by Germany to-day as to what they will do with our Empire after their victory, and how Gibraltar will be given back to Spain and Malta to Italy.

One is terribly sorry for Finland after her heroic defence single-handed. One understands the difficulties of the other Scandinavian powers who have to consider their own fate, but we are never very fond of advice from the touch-line.

I see there is also an idea, after Mr. Sumner Welles' return, of a thirty-day armistice. What for? Is it possible that in that time Hitler and his friends will say that they will gladly resign and disappear in the interests of world peace?

As I conclude this article, ministers of various nations are flying about in the air in all directions, to Stockholm, Moscow, Berlin and Rome, and Mr. Sumner Welles has been in London as part of his European tour. What does it all mean?

The IRISH GUARDS MARCH to the MUSIC of their BAND

A COLUMN OF THE IRISH GUARDS, WITH THE BAND SKIRLING AT THEIR HEAD, MARCH THROUGH A FRENCH VILLAGE IN OPEN WEATHER

Open weather succeeded the periods of snow and frost. The interlude of silver thaw was one of the most trying. It literally brought down high and low on the cobbled village streets, which appeared to be turned into glass. Then an open period ensued, during which this picture of the Irish Guards was taken. Fortunately, miles of roadway are paved as this one, and the nuisance of sheer mud is avoided

FIRST FIGHTING MILITIAMEN NOW IN FRANCE

Field training for these militiamen, the first to take up position behind the lines in France, is now in full progress

LINKING THE FRONT-LINE AREA WITH ADJACENT CENTRES

The engineers' work in perfecting the means of communication seems to be endless. New lines go up on posts and trees every day

b

THE ARTILLERY OF OUR

Specially Described for "The Sphere"
BY CAPTAIN DONALD ANDERSON

AS befits a first-class army, the guns of our allies across the Channel include all sorts from the smallest to the very largest.

The larger guns, with calibres up to 400 mm. (15–16 ins.), have accurate ranges of about 15 km. Their immense weight precludes their being transported by road; they can be carried only by rail; hence their name, Heavy Railway Artillery (*artillerie lourde sur voie ferrée*, abbreviated for everyday use to "A.L.V.F.").

Before being fired they are jacked up clear of their rails so that their weight bears directly on the earth; otherwise the rails would be bent by the shock of discharge. Guns of much this type assisted very materially in the retaking of Douaumont during the Battle of Verdun in 1916.

SMALLER pieces coming within the category of heavy artillery may be transported to their gun sites by road and then lowered into their pits, which are deepened to allow the breech-end of the gun to be lowered as far as possible for high-angle fire. This necessary lowering of the breech-end is helped by the device known as a "split trail"; that is a trail made in two halves which may be splayed out, leaving a gap between them. This split trail has the equally valuable advantage of giving the gun carriage a firmer purchase on the ground, and so less liability to be displaced by the shock of recoil, especially on soft ground.

For travelling by road, the barrels of heavy guns are generally dismounted from their action carriages and transferred to special travelling carriages. By this method the total weight of the gun can be distributed on its two carriages over as many as eight wheels. The wear on road surfaces is thus much diminished, as also is the danger of the gun's sinking into and getting stuck on bad roads. Heavy road-guns are drawn by tractors. Medium or light guns may be drawn by lorries or horses; for the French Army has not gone in for mechanisation to the same degree as has the British Army. Horse artillery of the old type still accompanies some of the cavalry divisions.

OF medium artillery the 155-mm., corresponding to the British 6-in. howitzer, is a much used weapon. Its trail is of the one-piece sort; but depression of the breech for high-angle fire is allowed for by the fore-end of the trail being hollowed out.

One of the illustrations accompanying this article shows a 155-mm. gun with the name "Rosalie" chalked on its shield. Gunners give names to their pieces as much for convenience in discussing them as out of sentiment. The names chosen are almost always feminine; for was not the patron saint of gunnery a woman—Saint Barbara? "Rosalie" was at one time the French soldier's pet name for his bayonet; but this usage has now died out.

→ *Heavy guns of the French Army*

THE famous 75-mm. field gun of Great War days is, with slight modifications, still the chief supporting weapon for the French infantry. The virtue of this gun lies in its recoil action, which takes up the shock of discharge so smoothly that hardly any adjustment of sighting is necessary between shots, consequently a very high rate of fire can be maintained. After each shot the gun-layer needs to give only the slightest touches to his elevating and traversing wheels to bring the sights dead on their alignment again. Added to having the cartridge fixed in a brass case to the base of the shell, this smoothness of recoil is the feature which gives its name to the "quick-firer" (*canon à tir rapide*).

→ *Light guns of the French Army*

→ *Medium guns of the French Army*

THE GREAT FRENCH PIECE IS DISCHARGED FROM ITS WOODLAND SCREEN

A big burst of flame and smoke spread out in a circle, and the barrel jerks back in a vigorous recoil

THE SMOKE LAZILY CLEARS FROM THE BARREL AFTER THE DISCHARGE

"Somewhere in enemy territory" the shell has landed, after traversing a graceful parabola

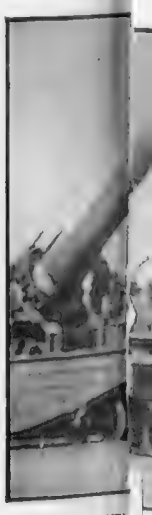
THREE INSTANTANEOUS IMPRESSIONS OF FRENCH HEAVIES FIRING

The barrel must be carefully cleaned and the sighting slightly adjusted before this big piece can be fired again at the distant enemy

THE FAMOUS FRENCH 75-MM. CAMOUFLAGED PIT: This re the best of its kind in the layer on the left making a final by means of the wheel of

A SEMI-HEAVY PIECE OF FRENCH ARTILLERY: The split greater purchase on the ground to resist the recoil the breech of the gun to be further depressed for

A BIG 320-MM. FRENCH RAILWAY GUN: The letters "A.L.V.F." painted on the carriage, standing for "artillerie lourde sur vole ferrée," are the common appellation used for French heavy railway guns



FOUR MIGHTY wise would

ALLY: FROM THE HEAVIES TO THE LIGHT MACHINE-GUNS ON WHICH THE SOLDIER DEPENDS FOR HIS IMMEDIATE PROTECTION

FRENCH INFANTRYMEN FIRING AN AUTOMATIC RIFLE FROM COVER: The tense expression on the men's faces gives the impression that this picture was taken during actual contact. The man in the foreground is holding up a sack to catch spent cartridge-cases

A FRENCH ANTI-TANK GUN BEING FIRED BY BRITISH TROOPS: This weapon is used by the armies of both Allies. The broken edge of the shield is to aid in camouflage, a straight edge being much more conspicuous

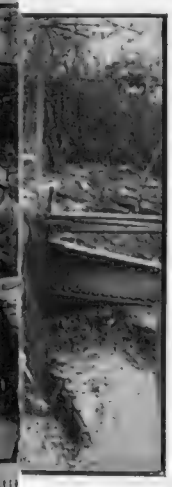
A FRENCH ANTI-TANK GUN BEING MAN-HANDLED ON TO A RAFT: In the French Army this modern weapon is manned by the infantry. It has a very flat trajectory and high rate of fire. These features, added to the speed with which its position can be changed, make it a deadly weapon against a massed attack by tanks

FIELD GUN IN ACTION IN A liable weapon is still one of world. Here we see the gun-adjustment to the alignment which the top appears on left

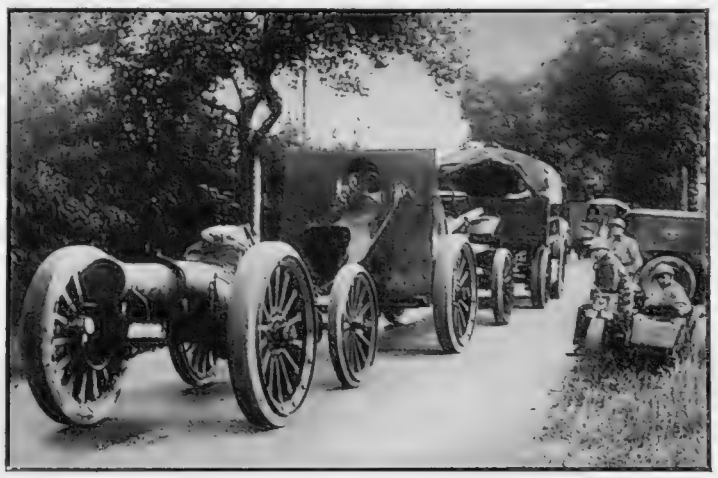
LOADING A 155-MM. MEDIUM ARTILLERY GUN: The fore-end of the trail has a hollow to allow the breech to be depressed. The gunners have christened their piece "Rosalie," a name which used to be reserved for the French soldier's bayonet

THE BARREL OF A 155-MM. GUN BEING PULLED INTO ITS ACTION POSITION OVER THE RECOIL BUFFERS: One pair of horses remains harnessed to draw away the limber. When this photograph was taken the rest of the team—normally eight horses—were probably already being watered and fed

The smallest of all artillery in the French Army is the anti-tank gun, which is manned by the infantry. This handy little modern gun fires a small armour-piercing shell with a very flat trajectory, which is a great aid in hitting moving targets. Others of its advantages are its very high rate of fire and the ease with which it can be manœuvred. When first manufactured it had a one-piece trail; but its stability has now been improved by its being given a split trail.



trail gives a it also enables high-angle fire

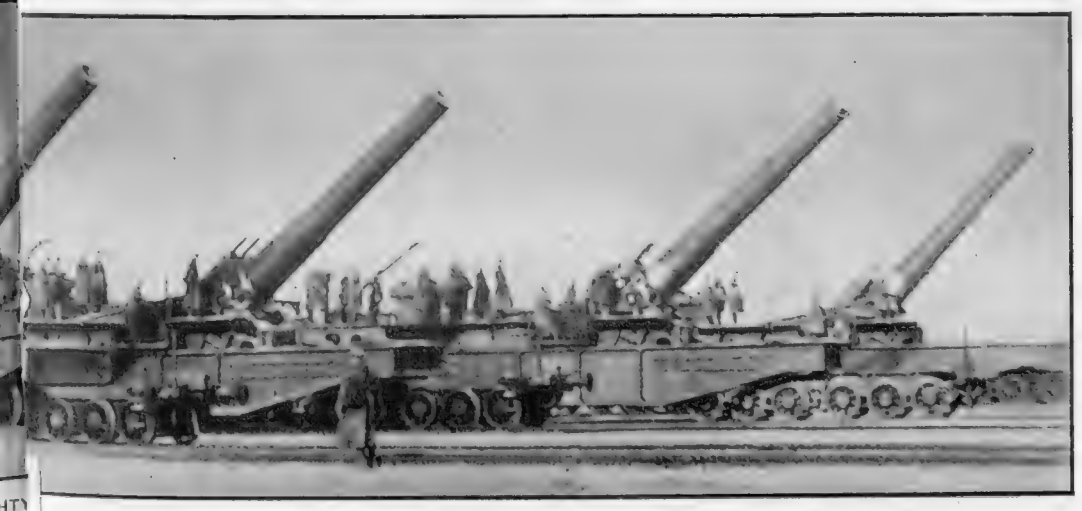


A HEAVY GUN BEING HAULED ALONG A FRENCH ROAD: The barrel has been dismounted from its firing carriage and rests on a special travelling carriage. Thus the weight of the piece is distributed over eight wheels

NARROW RAILWAY LINES FOR BRINGING UP AMMUNITION TO HEAVY GUNS: These men are cleaning the shells with a scrubbing brush

For man-handling from one position to another, a pole is supplied to be passed through a hole in the end of the trail and act as a T-piece on which several men can pull at the same time. The wheels are made of stamped steel; and the rubber tyres are manufactured on a principle which renders them practically puncture-proof, even after being pierced by more than one bullet. A feature helping greatly towards camouflage is the fact that the shield of this gun has a "broken" edge, instead of being of the normal straight-edged rectangular shape, a hard straight line being much easier to see than a wavy one.

This anti-tank gun of French invention is also used in the British Army; a piece of pooling of resources which can be taken as a happy example of the spirit of co-operation existing between the two great allies. In the British Army it is manned by men of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, and is carried in or drawn by 15-cwt. trucks.



400-MM. RAILWAY GUNS IN POSITION: Before being fired these are jacked up off the rails, which otherwise would be bent by the shock of discharge. Weapons of this sort helped greatly in the recapture of Douaumont during the Battle of Verdun in 1916

The big rail guns of the French Army →

It used to be said that "Germans defend their trenches with machine-guns, Frenchmen with artillery, and British with men." That generalisation is too slick to be fully true of any army. In the French Army, as in any other, the infantry depend for their immediate defence firstly on machine-guns (heavy and light), which are under their own control and with which they are very fully equipped; but they know their artillery is always behind them to help whenever called upon; and French gunners pride themselves that they can put down a barrage of any asked-for weight within two minutes of receiving the request.

Nevertheless, no less a witness than Marshal von Hindenburg, when discussing one of the German reverses in 1918, wrote in his *Out of My Life*: "Once more the French artillery had been responsible for the worst crisis with which our men had been faced. The employment for hours, and even days, of this destructive weapon, which was boldly brought out into the open and disdained even the cover of shell-holes, had shattered the lines of our infantry and put their nerves to the hardest test."

THE FOOD of the FRENCH ARMY

It Differs Very Much in Several Characteristic Items from the British Commissariat

COFFEE AND WINE

Two great divergencies from the British menu are the demands for coffee and wine. Here above three glasses of coffee have just been served out (it looks as if it were being laced with some cordial), while on the right one soldier is helping another to a cup of red wine which is almost the national drink of France

HOT SOUP FOR THE POILU IN THE FRONT LINE

Another form of diet, characteristic of peace-time France, is the bowl of hot soup. Waggons proceed along the roads close up behind the forward positions and serve out dishes of steaming soup. The army is wise in supplying this very nourishing course during the day

HOT SOUP IS EQUALLY APPRECIATED BY THE TROOPS BILLETED IN THE VILLAGE WHERE THIS ARMY CANTEEN FUNCTIONS

THE MASCOT ARRIVES AND IS INVITED TO TAKE HIS EARLY COFFEE

Being a nation of great bread-eaters, the custom is continued in the army on a generous scale. In fact, at the present moment it looks as if the soldier will be better off than the civilian when the new bread regulations are fully in force

PREPARING BREAD FOR THE TROOPS: PUTTING THE FRESH DOUGH INTO LITTLE CIRCULAR BASKETS

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THE NEW CUNARDER REACHES NEW YORK

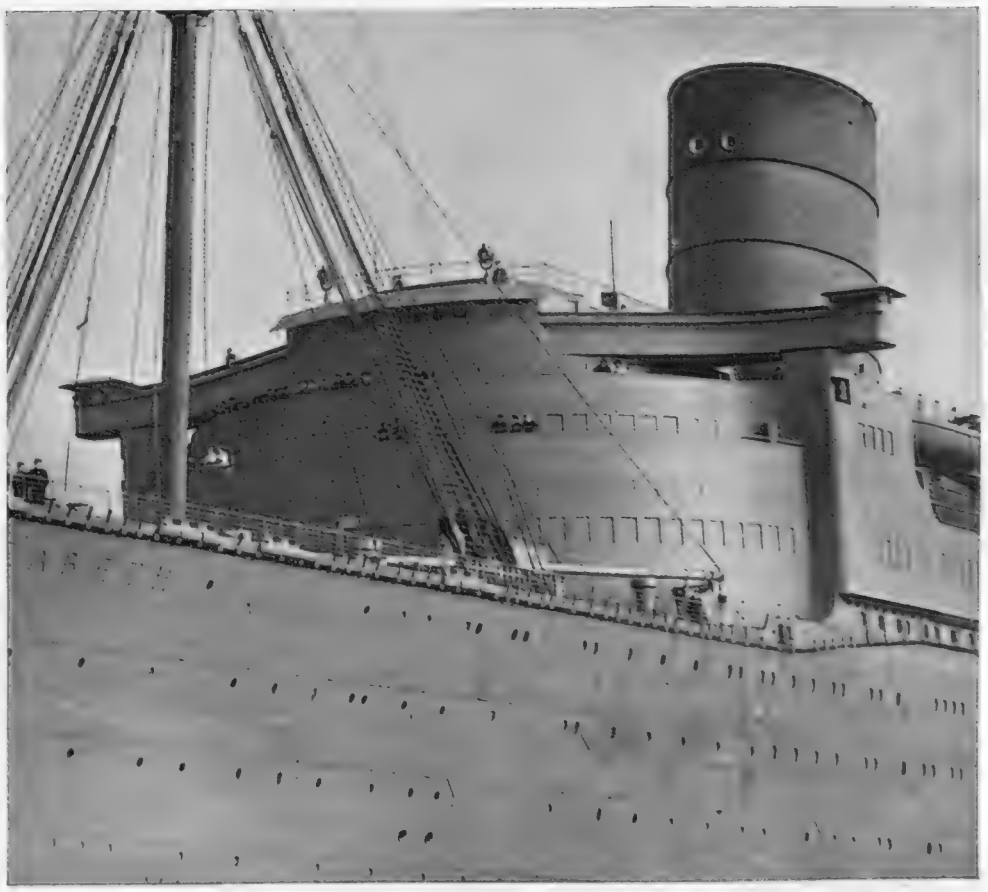
THE GREAT 85,000-TON "QUEEN ELIZABETH" AS SHE LEFT HER FITTING-OUT YARD ON FEBRUARY 26

The great vessel rode light while passing down the Clyde—even her boats were taken off her. She has two funnels against the three of the *Queen Mary*. Her lines differ slightly, but the main design is the same

THE STORY OF A SECRET VOYAGE

From the Clyde to the Hudson

After a silent journey across the Atlantic, the new Cunarder, Queen Elizabeth, *has reached her berth at New York. The shifting of vessels in the vicinity of the* Queen Mary *gave a clue that her giant sister was about to arrive, and that proved to be the case. The £6,000,000 ship had completed its "ghost" trip across the Atlantic, zig-zagging in various directions in order to confuse any possible U-boat attacks. But no alarm was sounded at any time during the journey, and the big extra supply of fuel was not necessary. On Wednesday of last week the vessel reached Halifax, Nova Scotia, and left the Canadian port for New York on Thursday. Coastguard authorities had been advised that she would make the journey down the American coast. This remarkable war-time journey began at John Brown's fitting-out yard, Clydebank, on February 26. It took a little over four hours to tow her the 15 miles down the Clyde to the Tail of the Bank. The task of manœuvring her from her fitting-out basin began nearly four hours before high water. Shortly after noon the liner, painted a slate grey and without her lifeboats, was coaxed by three tugs from the basin, and her length was clear by 1.10 p.m. Near the Rashilee Light—practically at the same spot at which the* Queen Mary *touched the bank, the bows of the* Queen Elizabeth *were caught by the incoming tide. After 50 minutes of manœuvring, the stern tugs got control of the ship and pulled her back for close on 1,000 ft. The* Queen Elizabeth *then went on at some speed and arrived at Bowling at 3.35. With extreme caution the difficult Bowling bend was negotiated. It was on September 27, 1938, that the* Queen Elizabeth *was launched at Clydebank, the naming ceremony being performed by the Queen. With an approximate gross tonnage of 85,000 and a length of 1,031 ft., the* Queen Elizabeth *is the largest and longest ship ever built. She exceeds the* Queen Mary *in length by 13 ft., and is expected to excel her in speed*



A DOMINATING FEATURE OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" IS HER BRIDGE

Painted a slate grey, like the rest of the ship, the bridge towers up like the front of some huge fortress. The wings of the actual control bridge stretch far out to port and starboard

EVERYDAY LIFE with the AIR FORCE

Active Service Conditions at R.A.F. Stations both at Home and in France

A GROUP OF R.A.F. PILOTS WATCHING A TAKE-OFF AT A WEST COUNTRY STATION

The group is standing in front of one of the graceful new Beaufort bombers, a very modern type capable of acting as bomber, general reconnaissance and general purposes landplane. The cabin in the nose with the observer's seat below, for greater all-round visibility, are clearly seen. The two Bristol Taurus fourteen-cylinder engines give the Beaufort a wonderful speed performance

FIGHTER PILOTS RUSHING OUT TO THEIR MACHINES FOLLOWING THE RECEIPT OF A WARNING FROM HEADQUARTERS

An unidentified aircraft has been reported by an observation post, and the warning has been forwarded through one of the control centres of the Observer Corps. Each pilot has his own particular way of carrying his harness during his rush to the plane

STARTING UP A HURRICANE: A PILOT GIVES THE O.K. TO WIND UP

The two men stand by at the crank handles, the signal is given, and soon the "prop" is "revving" away merrily and the morning flight has begun

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK AT A FIGHTER STATION IN FRANCE

Two men are feeding in long bands of cartridges, the ammunition for the four guns let into each wing

WHAT ARE THE PROSPECTS FOR THE DAY? A STUDY IN FRANCE WITH THE R.A.F.

Here is a daily scene on the Western lines. Around the desk are bomber crews receiving instruction in the flight office in France. This department is in a village adjoining the airfield. On the left is the station mascot

BACK FROM A SUCCESSFUL RAID OVER HELIGOLAND

Here is a group of personnel of the R.A.F. bombing squadrons who carried out a recent successful raid on Heligoland. They are back in England and are packing the duffle-bag with charts

INSIDE A RECONNAISSANCE PLANE OVER THE FRANCO-BRITISH LINES

The pilot and sergeant observer brought back information of great importance on their first reconnaissance flight over the Siegfried Line. Good piloting, ably assisted by good navigation work, is the secret of good reconnaissance flights

WORKING ON THE LAND

Scenes of Agricultural Activity Throughout Britain

FIVE GIRLS FIND HAPPINESS ON THE LAND

Five Land Girls, who were strangers a few weeks ago, are now living happily together in a cottage on Mr. J. Cooper's Follifoot Dairy Farm, between Harrogate and Wetherby. They have replaced men who have joined the Forces. The girls have a pool, on which they draw for their food; and this "living out" experiment has proved a great success. A farm worker's wife acts as housekeeper and cooks their meals whilst they work on the land. At present they are gathering turnips and milking the sixty cows on the farm. Here four of the girls are seen leaving their cottage after lunch: the fifth girl was ill at the moment when our picture was taken

"PLOUGHING FOR VICTORY" IS NOW THE FARMER'S MOTTO

The ground throughout the country is now generally free from frost, and is in good shape for ploughing prior to seed-sowing. Here is a scene in North Buckinghamshire, where the horse has not yet been entirely superseded by the tractor. The ploughman is Thomas Nixey, who served in France during the last war; after being wounded he was a prisoner in Germany for nine months

AN ESSEX AGRICULTURAL CHARACTER

There are two joys in the life of Charles Hobson, sixty-nine-year-old former shepherd, of Loughton, Essex. One is his two dogs, the other his luxuriant moustache: and he would not exchange either "for all the women in the world." Needless to say, he is a bachelor! Whilst watching a farm ten years ago, Charles Hobson killed a fox attacking his charges; he then used the pelt for a fur cap which he has worn ever since

"LUMBERJILLS" OF THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY ARE HARD AT WORK NOW

Two hundred women and girls are now getting down to real hard work in a lonely part of Suffolk. They are busy from dawn to sunset lopping and trimming trees, clearing undergrowth, looking after young trees in the nurseries and planting them on Forestry Commission land. It's hard work—and the recent weather has not made it easier!—but the modern girl is tough, and all are enjoying the open-air life to the full. Here a party of "Lumberjills" are seen hard at work sawing up branches into lengths

Above—**WINTER THRESHING IN PROGRESS**

A scene at Gulval in Cornwall where agricultural work is in full swing, owing to the favourable weather. This picture conveys a sense of very pleasant and busy rusticity

On right—**PLANTING EARLY POTATOES**

Another scene from Cornwall. Hundreds of extra acres are now being given over to the planting of potatoes to assist in increasing Britain's food production

SOME THINGS THAT NEED EXPLAINING

Comment on the War by Air—On Bomphlet Raids, Flakartillerie, Coloured Searchlights and Such Like

By CHARLES G. GREY
(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

AMONG the queer things that are happening in this queer war few things are queerer than the unexplained activities or inactivities on both sides. Without official explanations one can only speculate about why things are as they are. Take, for example, the frequent reports of British pilots who have flown over Germany that nobody has fired at them and that they have not been attacked by enemy fighters, although searchlights have been searching for them all over the sky, which was indication enough that the people on the ground knew that they were there.

One can only give a guess at the reasons for this German pacifism, yet one may reasonably assume that the people at the listening posts could tell that there were only a few machines, possibly only one so far as we know. The officer commanding the Flakartillerie (which is German for Archie guns) may have decided (a) that as the machines were British they were only going to drop pamphlets, or bomphlets as A. P. Herbert, M.P., called them, and not bombs, and (b) if there were only one, and if it were to drop bombs, the damage which would be done by the amount that one British aeroplane could carry from England to Berlin or Hamburg with enough fuel to get back home again would do less damage than would be done by the return to earth of shell splinters (not shrapnel, please), fuse-caps, shell-bases, and a reasonable percentage of dud shells complete.

A somewhat similar reason may have stopped the fighters from going up. But a still more probable reason is that, as several of our pilots have found when they were flying at their service ceiling (that is the highest height that they can reach while still under proper control), the Messerschmitt and Heinkel fighters manœuvre badly, because of their small wing surface, and are therefore not dangerous opponents when very high up—say at 25,000 ft. or more. So the German Fighter Command may have kept the fighters on the ground.

Possibly if we sent over heavy formations of bombers wing-tip to wing-tip, according to the theory of advocates of "flying fortresses" in most countries, the Flakartillerie might open on them, on the principle of the bad shot at a grouse drive who looses off "into the brown" in the hope that "something will fly into it."

On the other hand, there is the possibility, however remote, that the ceiling of our bombers after they have got rid of half their petrol load and all their bomphlets, may be above the height of the Archie shells. That is not exactly likely because the Germans were talking about 35,000 ft. as their maximum range last year. And I think that the Swedes claimed something in the region of 40,000 ft. for their big Bofors guns. The attempt to bring down one solitary raider might not be worth the ammunition it would cost, but trying to bring down one or two out of a formation of big bombers would justify the expense, and the mess that would be made on the ground.

Also we must remember that a week or two ago notices were issued in our own newspapers that air-raid warnings would not be given unless enemy aircraft were signalled from our forward observation posts, of which presumably the most advanced are ships out at sea, as approaching our target areas in quantities. Several accounts have appeared of a single enemy aeroplane being seen over one or other of our coastal towns without any air-raid warning being given. And, for all that we know, enemy aeroplanes may have been all over the country one at a time without any air-raid warnings being given.

That would be very sensible inaction. Every time an air-raid warning blows, everybody is supposed to make for the nearest air-raid shelter. Which means that all munition work in that area ceases until the "all clear" is given. So, unless there is a definite threat of a heavy air-raid, much the wisest thing is not to give an air-raid warning and not to fire any guns but to let work go on as usual.

The damage done by an air raid is not limited to the explosive power of its bombs. One has to reckon with the effect on the morale of the public if continually harassed by air-raid warnings, the cessation of work in munition factories, the stoppage of railway and road traffic and consequent delay in the delivery of raw materials.

So, although bomphleteering may have a certain moral effect, or perhaps not, the absence of air-raid warnings when a bomphleteer comes along may counter those effects considerably. On the other hand, the heavy bursts of firing which have met our raiders on occasion may have been a greeting for a formation of bombers, or it may have been decreed by the High Command just to encourage the Flakartillerie and to give the population practice in taking cover and to keep the various A.R.P. organisations on their toes and to remind people generally that there is a war on. Whether that is worth the stoppage of output in the armament factories and in the factories which are making goods for export is a matter which only the High Command can decide.

The variegated multi-coloured searchlights also provide an interesting subject for speculation. Reports brought home by our bombers tell of purple and red and orange and blue and yellow. At a guess one might assume that the German searchlight people are experimenting with the penetrative powers of different colours in different states of the atmosphere.

There was a famous occasion during the War 1914–18 when Zeppelins came over England and cut off their engines to the north of London and drifted across town in dead silence. There was a high fog, rather than a cloud-bank, at the time, but nobody knew how thick it was. So Major-General Ashmore, G.O.C. the London Air Defence Area, gave orders that no searchlights were to be turned on for fear lest the light would go through the fog enough to make a white pool at the top, and so show the Zeppelins that they were over the London area. For the same reason no guns were fired, although if the whole barrage had gone up there was a remote chance that a shell might have hit one of the ships.

The result was that one of the ships dropped three bombs. One fell in the north (I think that was when so much damage was done at Mornington Crescent), one fell in Piccadilly Circus and did surprisingly little damage considering where it fell, and one fell somewhere in Bermondsey. If the ships had discovered exactly where they were the damage must have been much greater, apart from the damage which would have been done by the descending debris from the barrage.

Conceivably the Germans may think that they have some form of light which will go through ground mist or low fog and illuminate the sky for fighters up above. Some time ago our National Physical Laboratory reported that after considerable tests they were sure that coloured light does not penetrate fog any better than white light and that although coloured light does not reflect back from fog to the same extent as white light, just as good an effect can be got by using white light of less intensity.

Another speculation is that they may be using coloured lights as a means of identifying their own machines. Readers may have seen that ingenious form of lighting which was used in a ballet at Earl's Court last year. The ladies of the ballet appeared normally lovely under normal lighting, but when the special lights were turned on, their faces and arms and legs went black and their dresses turned white.

Possibly there may be some sort of converse effect. The under sides of the German machines might be painted with some preparation which would make the machines as invisible to ordinary searchlights as are aeroplanes painted with normal dark, dull, shadow paint, such as is used on our night-flying machines to prevent them from being spotted by searchlights. But when German machines fly into the beams of the special searchlights they may show up quite brilliantly to the people on the ground, and so notify the Flakartillerie that they are German machines and not fair targets.

That may sound a trifle fantastic but the difficulty of distinguishing between one's own machines and the enemy's at night is a problem which has been exercising the minds of the High Commands of all air forces for quite a long time. We have a simple method of our own which probably I had better not mention here, although it was in use for many months before the declaration of war and therefore is presumably known to the Germans.

Another subject about which one hears the Man in the Street speculating quite a lot is why we send bombers on what we call Preventive Patrols over the Friesian Islands with orders not to drop bombs, and only to come down and machine-gun the air stations if they see German seaplanes, which are presumably mine-layers, on the water in the flare-path along which they take off. The ordinary man would imagine that as the seaplane base is there our people might as well bomb it and save themselves the trouble of any more patrolling for a while.

There are also, I am told, detachments of Flakartillerie, which is an integral part of the German Air Force, carried in ships in the vicinity of the seaplane bases, which ships fire on our aeroplanes frequently. Whether our patrols are allowed to bomb the Flakartillerie ships I do not know, but I cannot remember having read of any of them having been sunk, although official reports have mentioned the dropping of bombs on German warships.

One can only speculate with the idea that if we bombed the German seaplane bases the Germans might come and bomb our aerodromes near the coast from which they assume our bombers start for their trips over the Heligoland Bight and the Friesian Islands. And that would endanger the civil population within a good many miles of the aerodrome.

Then, of course, we should hit back by bombing the German land aerodromes which must necessarily be somewhere near human habitation. And then they would start bombing our ports and probably the places where they know aeroplanes are built. After that an all-in totalitarian air war would probably begin.

AERIAL COMBAT OVER THE SIEGFRIED LINE

Sandwiched between two of the latest cannon-firing Messerschmitts, a twenty-one-year-old New Zealand pilot has just won a brilliant success in a battle over the Siegfried Line. He and a sergeant-pilot (in another machine) were on patrol when they were engaged by Messerschmitt fighters escorting seven Heinkel bombers. The sergeant was unlucky, being hit by cannon fire very early in the fight; with his radiator damaged he had to break off and make a forced landing. The New Zealand pilot then took on the Germans single-handed. After a terrific battle he shot down one of the Messerschmitts, the other promptly making off—although it is believed that this second machine also crashed. This is the third German to this young pilot's credit, and possibly his fourth. Here the pilot is seen just after landing from the battle

WITHIN ITS BLACK GRANITE TOMB LAY THE SOLID SILVER SARCOPHAGUS OF THE PHARAOH

Professor Montet leaning over the head of the great silver sarcophagus cover. On the breast are the sickle and flail with a number of texts of considerable interest

THE INNER SARCOPHAGUS OF SILVER WITH A SOLID GOLD MASK FORMING THE FACE

The lower part of the sarcophagus had decayed through dampness and the whole lower portion had become a mass of thick mud

SOLID GOLD JARS AND VASES FOUND WITH THE SARCOPHAGUS

Among the detritus around the sarcophagus were found a large number of rings, jars, and vases. The mummy itself had entirely dissolved

THE FINAL SILVER GILT CASE WITH THE OUTER SARCOPHAGI OF PHARAOH PSUSENNES

King Farouk was present recently when the silver mummy case of King Psusennes (believed to have been the father-in-law of King Solomon) was opened in the tomb in which it was found on the site of the ancient city of Tanis. The mummy case rested in a heavy granite sarcophagus, enclosed in yet another larger sarcophagus discovered earlier. Professor Montet of Strasbourg University has been instrumental in revealing this rich discovery. The mummy case is decorated in colours with a pure gold serpent encircling the head. King Psusennes is thought to have been the last Pharaoh of the twenty-first dynasty whose daughter was married to King Solomon

EGYPT YIELDS YET ANOTHER RICH TOMB

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

BIOGRAPHIES for the BOOKSHELF

The Lives of Well-known Personalities Make Interesting Reading this Week

At school, I remember, it was a point of honour never to reveal one's second name. It was a jealously guarded secret and, for some reason I have never been able to fathom, rather a shameful one, and it is an odd thing that even in middle life people are still reluctant to part with this precious information. What, for instance, does P. Wodehouse's "G" represent? And what dark secrets lurk in otherwise open American natures which compel them to hide a central "K" while admitting to a Cyrus Higginbotham?

One writer there is who has reversed this general, and regrettable, principle. Mr. E. C. Bentley's middle name is even better known than his other two, for it is Clerihew, and by this name are known those witty, erratic little rhymes which he invented in his Oxford days, and whose style has been copied more or less happily ever since.

In an autobiography, THOSE DAYS (Constable 12s.), Mr. Bentley quotes the first of these verses, which he composed at the age of sixteen.

Sir Humphrey Davy
Detested gravy.
He lived in the odium
Of having discovered Sodium.

That is not the best of the "Clerihews," but it has the distinction of being the original pattern. It is an amusing form and many people, poets among them, have attempted it. Here is one of James Elroy Flecker's efforts:

The sad feature
About Neitzsche
Was that the creature
Thought he was a teacher.

Another, and one of the wittiest, came from a friend of Mr. Bentley's, even better versed in the art.

Miss Mae West
Was one of the best.
I would rather not
Say the best what.

I am happy to say that this example won a prize.

From a discussion of Clerihews Mr. Bentley proceeds to a lighthearted analysis of his own historical studies. "I have proved, for example," he writes, "that Henry VIII, on first meeting Anne of Cleves, did after one hurried glance sob convulsively, 'Roll up that map' . . . Nor, in the face of my investigations, can doubt be any longer thrown on the moving story of how Leonardo da Vinci, on seeing a Lord Mayor for the first time, fell on his knees and burst into tears."

Mr. Bentley's school and Oxford days, which provide the subject for two-thirds of this delightful book, seem to have been particularly fortunate. Indeed, they seem to us, at this distance, to have been ten years of a golden age. He was at St. Paul's School, and there, among his fellow pupils, was G. K. Chesterton, who was to prove a life-long friend. Of him Mr. Bentley writes: "This friend of all men and respecter of every honest opinion had among his foremost qualities an enormous intellectual pugnacity, for the love of his kind involved, for him, the intolerance of wrong, of error, of the abuse of power or influence."

Later, both men were at Oxford together, and their circle of friends included John Simon, F. E. Smith and Hilaire Belloc, a brilliant group and all destined for fame. The Oxford of those days—Mr. Bentley knew it during the '90's—was a very different place from the traffic-infested spot that we know to-day. Motor-cars and the great increase in the number and the freedom of women students are, in his opinion, the reasons for this change. "In the Oxford of my memories," he writes, "from term's end to term's end one hardly ever met one of the other sex, or wanted to."

After leaving Oxford in 1898, Mr. Bentley read for the Bar. Two years later he was writing light verse for *Punch* (under Owen Seaman's fastidious direction), and later still he became a member of the staff of the *Daily News*, where for a time that famous Cambridge oar, Rudolf Lehmann, was editor. After ten years on that paper, Mr. Bentley joined the *Daily Telegraph*, but before that he had written the book that was to become a classic in detective fiction—*Trent's Last Case*. Although he denies that the book was written as the result of a bet with G. K. Chesterton, it was, as its author says, "begun as a lark and finished in a spirit of grim resolve to get the thing off my hands," and it turned out to be "a colossal slice of luck, for which I have never ceased to be thankful."

If I have devoted a great deal of space to a review of these memoirs it is because I am certain that they are going to have a very wide appeal and to become one of those books, loved for its anecdotes, its wit and the warm friendliness of the spirit which pervades it.

The memoirs of Madame Clara Novello Davies have only one thing in common with Mr. Bentley's, and that is their enthusiasm. Roughly speaking, this can be explained by saying that Mr. Bentley likes people and Madame Novello Davies likes the work that has been her bond with people. As her son says, in his preface, her affection is boundless, but in the author's view it is her work that she has always loved, and that work has been her life.

THE LIFE I HAVE LOVED (Heinemann. 16s.) has not, and I am sure was never intended to have, any consecutive literary style, but it has immense gusto, as if with every word she wrote, or dictated, the author remembered a little bit more than she had at first intended to set down and included it because, in her affectionate rather than acute judgment, everybody would be interested in hearing about dear old so-and-so. This method, which may well be irreproachable on humanitarian grounds, is apt to make the reader a little dizzy, but it is all in such good part that with a pause or two for mental digestion the book slips along very easily, and the final impression is of a talented and generous human being, with immense reserves of loyalty and of resolution.

Madame Novello Davies has a further claim to fame than being the mother of Mr. Ivor Novello; over fifty years ago she originated the Welsh Ladies' Choir, which she herself conducted, and which won awards from Paris to Chicago, sang before Queen Victoria at Osborne and won the considered approval of Joseph Chamberlain.

THE LOST REPUBLIC (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) is a book of curious charm, curious, that is, because the subject, the biography of a South African land surveyor, does not seem at first to have more than a specialised interest. The biography has been compiled from notes left by Mr. Gustav Baumann, and is edited and made into a coherent whole by his daughter, Mrs. Elfrieda Bright.

Briefly, Gustav Baumann's story is the story of the Orange Free State which, for the last thirty years of its existence, was one of those happy countries that have no history. Gustav Baumann was a pioneer surveyor in a great uncharted country and to him land itself was sacred, and his guardianship of land titles a sacred trust. From his own business-like and reticent jottings, and from his daughter's narrative, he emerges as a man of competence and complete integrity, and as a much-loved figure in his own wide-spread community.

Baumann believed in the old communal system of land tenure and in the ancient tribal land laws. When the turn of the century saw the whole fabric of this destroyed, and saw finally the conquest of the Orange Free State Republic "something was taken from him that could never be replaced, some loyalty—that was part of his composition—to the republican system of government with its very personal interest in and accessibility to everyone."

Although he lived for twenty-eight years after the peace of Vereeniging his real life seemed in a way to have ended then, and it is of that friendly, hazardous and free existence that this book achieves a picture.

It is a hundred years since Simon Bolivar earned the name of liberator by raising the flag of revolt in the South American continent and brought into being the states of Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru. That most of these states have ever since been politically unstable and addicted to revolution is a charge that some historians have attempted to father upon the liberator himself. Others have proved themselves unable to avoid apotheosis in terms only exceeded by that accorded by some North Americans to George Washington.

In SIMON BOLIVAR (Michael Joseph. 15s.) Mr. Thomas Rourke has made a full-length, cradle-to-the-grave portrait of the man himself in the familiar structure of modern biography. The bias, if any, is not unreasonably on the side of Bolivar, though Mr. Rourke claims to have set himself a dispassionate course between the quasi-deifiers and the venomous detractors.

It is a competent and serious study, pleasantly easy to read and not without lessons in military rule, revolution and dictatorship which might to-day be worth study.

FRANCO-BRITISH PARTY

An Anglo-French Fete at Lens

THE DRUMMERS COLLABORATE

Miner and soldier join forces during the celebration. *Below*—French children share in the feast

THE MINERS OF LENS ENTERTAIN BRITISH TOMMIES TO LUNCH

A few days ago there was a fine manifestation between the French people and the British Army, when the miners of Lens (many of them old soldiers) entertained men of the B.E.F. The miners had subscribed the money for the day's proceedings, and the troops had travelled a considerable distance to spend a very enjoyable day

A TOAST TO VICTORY IS DRUNK IN A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE

A British bandsman and a local miner; the latter wears the hat typical of this district and of his calling

BUYING AT THE MARKETS IN THE SMALL TOWNS IS CONTAGIOUS—YOU BUY BECAUSE THE OTHERS DO!

Bedroom slippers which are much used in France during many hours of the day other than the evening are being sold with great speed

JUST LIKE THEIR FATHERS BEFORE THEM—COFFEE AND CIGARETTES FOR THE TROOPS

This picture of the Welsh Guards is interesting inasmuch as it was taken during training at a spot where the fathers of these very men fought in the last war. Madame herself doubtless witnessed many similar scenes during the years 1914-1918

R.A.F.'s BIGGEST OVERSEAS

This Station by the Euphrates Has Grown into a Semi-Oriental Settlement Housing

LITTLE PROTÉGÉES OF THE R.A.F. Two youngsters of the 8,000 inhabitants who have swollen the R.A.F. station into an eastern township. One plain and one patterned, they are evidently full of spirit

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE NATIVE CANTONMENT AT THE

THERE ARE STREETS OF SHOPS WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF THE STATION Here a youthful seller of vegetables stops for a moment when "The Sphere's" camera focused on him

Above—
The main street of Habbaniyeh

On right—
Women going to market, showing the type of little house erected for native residents

On left—
Subject for an artist's pencil—the old weaver sits twirling her spindle in traditional fashion

STATION—IN IRAQ

R.A.F. Personnel and Thousands of Native Followers

R.A.F. STATION AT HABBANIYEH

One of the strangest establishments administered by the Royal Air Force is the native cantonment of the R.A.F. station at Habbaniyeh. It houses about 8,000 natives. When Britain held the League mandate over Iraq we had an Air Force station at Hinaidi, just outside Baghdad, but when the Iraq Government took over the protection of its own territory in 1932 this station became the headquarters of the Iraq Air Force. Britain was given a patch of desert, nearly 60 miles away, at the end of Lake Habbaniyeh, and here has grown the largest of all Royal Air Force overseas stations. In addition to providing for the Royal Air Force personnel, accommodation had to be found for the nearly 2,000 natives who are employed in the camp. They include skilled and unskilled labourers, gardeners, officers' servants, etc., and with their dependants they number nearly 8,000 people. There are Arabs, Assyrians, Indians, Chinese, and several other races. In the space of a few years this native cantonment has assumed the air of an old-established semi-Oriental settlement.

SHARING OUT THE VILLAGE MEAT IN THE R.A.F. STATION

When a sheep is killed it is split up into portions to be distributed among a number of families. It cannot, of course, be left hanging too long!

THE STAFF OF LIFE TAKES THE SHAPE OF A BIG PANCAKE AT THE R.A.F. STATION

All through the streets of this R.A.F. station you come on the eastern ways of making and doing things. The bread is flopped into a great flabby cake, and then stuck on to the side of the oven. The smaller opening is for ventilation

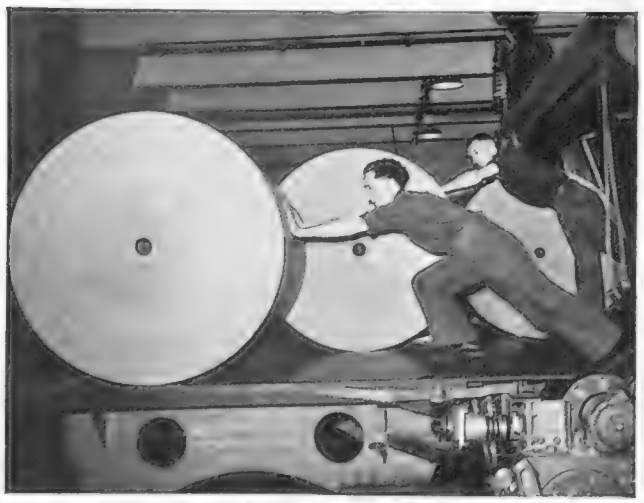
THE WATERS OF LIFE COME THROUGH A PIPE AND A WESTERN TAP

The more one knows of the East the more interest one takes in any visible water supply. It's always a comforting thing just to see and hear water running in a dry land

AID TO AGRICULTURE: The "Rototiller" being demonstrated by a girl. This new machine in one operation prepares the ground for planting and is especially interesting in view of the Government's "grow more food" campaign

OFFICERS GO BACK TO SCHOOL: Reserve officers are taking a refresher course at a Royal Artillery training school in north Wales. A young instructor is seen conducting his elders in a practical lesson on the construction of a large howitzer

AT A MINISTRY OF LABOUR TRAINING CENTRE: A class under instruction in the use of a micrometer. The Ministry is making a tremendous war-time effort in employment and national service. The many training centres turn out vast numbers of men trained to take appointments in factories and workshops



USING WASTE PAPER: Rolls of paper board being removed from the cutting machine at one of Britain's largest paper board mills. This useful product is now made largely of waste paper

MATTERS MECHANICAL

THE PETROL WORLD

SHORT VOYAGES of DISCOVERY this EASTER

Petrol Rations May Restrict Mileage, But Should Not Curtail the First Motoring Holiday of the Year

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. *(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)*

WHEN these notes of mine are first placed before my readers we shall just have a week to go before Easter. As there may still be some owners who hesitate to license and use their cars from purely patriotic motives, I would once again like to point out that using a car is not unpatriotic. If the Government did not wish us to consume a certain amount of petrol they would have no hesitation in withdrawing supplies. On the contrary, they appear to be going out of their way to induce owners of laid-up cars to take them out and enjoy the pleasures of the countryside during the coming holiday. As previously mentioned, licences can be taken out before the usual quarter-day, and the amount of petrol allocated for the short additional period is actually greater in proportion than that usually permitted on the monthly basis. We have, therefore, direct evidence that the authorities invite us to use our cars, particularly during the holiday period.

Even in war-time relaxation is desirable and now that so many people are working extremely long hours on work of national importance it is all the more necessary they should have the facilities to motor about the countryside. Human beings are not machines, but even the latter require a rest now and again if efficiency is to be maintained.

In pre-war days motorists during the holiday period would travel far afield, the great majority probably finding their way to the seaside, but with the quantity of petrol being strictly limited, long journeys will be difficult, if not impossible. It is a well-known fact that a large proportion of people who live in London have never been inside the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, or the Tower and so I venture to suggest that many car owners are quite ignorant of the beauties of the countryside which lie within a 50-mile radius of their front door. Here, therefore, is an opportunity for every motorist to set off on a voyage of discovery.

By dropping a line to the R.A.C. or the A.A., itineraries can be obtained which will take the motorist to many places of interest and through scenery which he probably never before realised was so close. I suggest that every seat in the car should be filled because after the long arduous winter everybody will be the better for even a short trip in the country where spring is already showing itself.

ALthough I have motored for over thirty years I have only just been unfortunate enough to have one of my cars damaged by frost. The accident was all the more annoying because the precautions taken had brought the car safely through a couple of months of almost Arctic weather. Still, it just proves that even the cautious can sometimes be caught. In this particular instance the car in question, an M.G., is fitted with two drain taps to the circulation system and apparently on the night in question one of the taps without my knowledge got blocked up. It goes to show that turning taps on in order to drain the water off is scarcely sufficient unless trouble is taken to make certain that all the water is drained off. It was a bad business, for the water jacket had so severely cracked that the insurance company without any hesitation agreed that a new block was necessary.

At first I became rather impatient with my insurance people because I considered there was unnecessary delay and that the settlement was not going to be to my liking but as negotiations proceeded I discovered that any delay which occurred was due solely to war-time conditions and to the fact that I was far from being the only motorist in England who had a burst cylinder jacket. On occasions such as this one finds out either to one's comfort or to one's horror that the insurance policy is a good or a bad one. Fortunately, in my case it was the former.

DESIGNED BY THE OWNER: This smart Rolls-Royce Wraith is fitted with a body by James Young, designed by Mr. Jack Barclay to whom the car belongs. The equipment includes an electrically operated sliding roof, no-draught ventilation and a radio set. Two fitted suitcases are provided to match the interior pigskin upholstery. The exterior is in dark pearl metallic cellulose

MAny motorists try to keep down their running costs by buying cheap lubricating oil and it is not until some time afterwards that they find the experiment has been costly. At its worst it may mean a new engine. In the same way a number of car owners take out insurance policies solely because the premiums are a pound or two cheaper as compared with those demanded by the better known companies. Perhaps for years the owner will cover thousands of miles each season without ever having an accident and pride himself on having saved quite a number of pounds over the period. He will probably crow about it to his friends and perhaps induce them to follow his example, but all of a sudden something happens and a claim has to be made.

Now all insurance companies and brokers are the essence of affability until they are called upon to cough up some cash and some of those who only ask for comparatively small premiums will get out of their liabilities if at all possible. Some £20 or £30 is a bad enough sum to find and it might not cripple the average motorist but then the claim might run into thousands and if it were not met then the motoring days of the policy-holder would certainly be ended. Insurance is not a thing which should be selected on account of its low premium. First and foremost the solidity of the company or individuals should be investigated, likewise their reputation for good service.

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Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The King's Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chichester.—The Ship Hotel. Tel. 2028.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest House
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
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Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
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St. Austell (Cornwall).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
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Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
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Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

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Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

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Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

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Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tobermory (Isle of Mull).—Western Isles Hotel.

WALES

Amlwch (Anglesey).—Bull Bay Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
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THE ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL

In these troublous times there are innumerable calls upon the pockets of the charitably minded. All these causes are doubtless deserving of support, but there is one among them which, because it serves all humanity, *must* not be starved of funds—the Royal Cancer Hospital. Unless support is quickly forthcoming, and in generous measure, the great work of this world-famous institution is in sore danger of being seriously restricted. The hospital is entirely dependent on the generosity of the British public. Patients are admitted and treated free without letters or payment. If donations and subscriptions fall short of requirements—as they are doing—the Royal Cancer Hospital will suffer grave inconvenience. This is a tragic state of affairs that can and must be prevented. Unless substantial help is quickly forthcoming all the good works of the hospital are in grave danger of being seriously restricted, if not completely closed down. Please help this famous institution to carry on with its merciful mission by sending a gift to the Secretary, the Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

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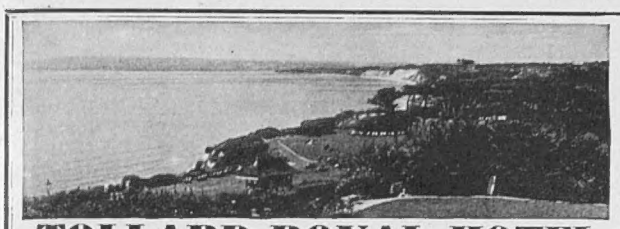

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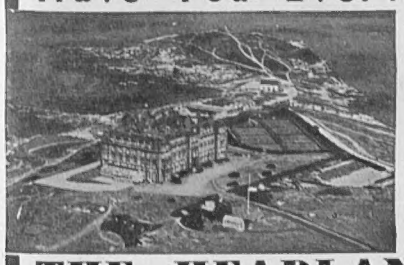

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